



48 PAGES EVERY WEEK

ACTION

COMICS® WEEKLY

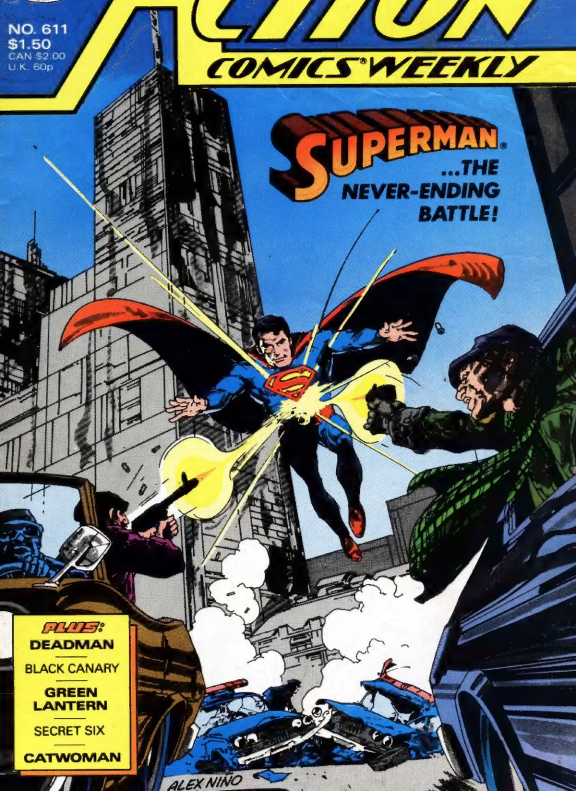
NO. 611

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U.K. 60p

SUPERMAN.
...THE
NEVER-ENDING
BATTLE!



PLUS:

DEADMAN

BLACK CANARY

**GREEN
LANTERN**

SECRET SIX

CATWOMAN

ALEX NINO

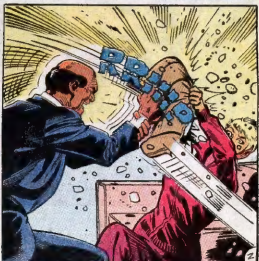
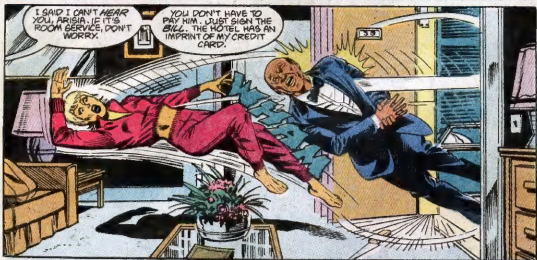
GREEN LANTERN

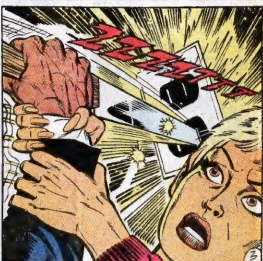


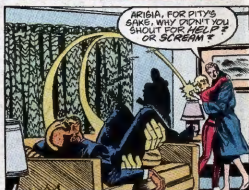
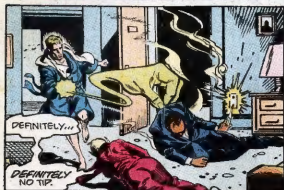
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LETTERS BY - ALBERT DE GUZMAN
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BEST EDITOR - LOU JOSELEA
EDITOR - DENNY ONEIL

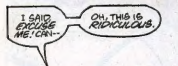
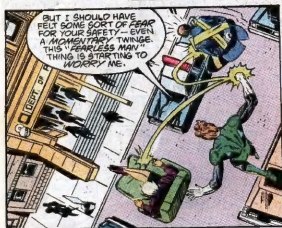
ROOM SERVICE

ACTION COMICS WEEKLY 611, August 2, 1988. (USPS 004-480) Published weekly with the exception of the last week of the year by DC Comics Inc., 666 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10103. Second class postage paid at New York, NY and at additional mailing offices. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to ACTION COMICS WEEKLY, DC Comics Inc., Subscription Dept., P.O. Box 1981, New York, NY 10185. Annual subscription rate \$78.00. Outside U.S.A. \$98.00 in U.S. funds. Copyright © 1988 DC Comics Inc. All Rights Reserved. The stories, characters and incidents mentioned in this magazine are entirely fictional. All characters featured in this issue and the distinctive likenesses thereof are trademarks of DC Comics Inc. Advertising Representative: Print Advertising Representatives Inc., 355 Lexington Avenue, New York, NY 10017. (212) 391-1400. Printed in U.S.A.
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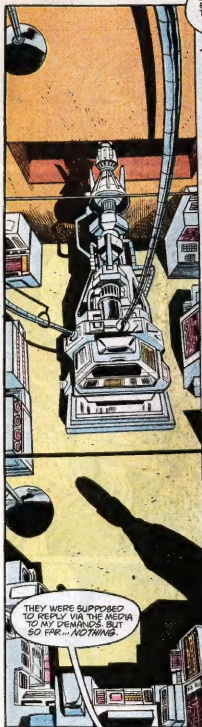












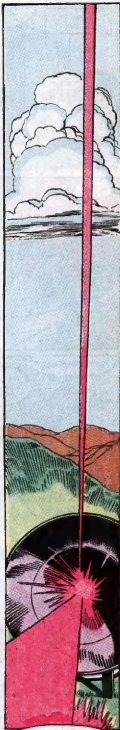
PERHAPS "MIND GAMES" WAS TOO EGO-TIC. A NAME TO CHOOSE. PERHAPS SOMETHING SIMPLER, LIKE--"KILLER."

TOO LATE NOW, I SUPPOSE. IT'S APPARENT THE ONLY WAY TO GET THE POLICE DEPARTMENT'S ATTENTION...

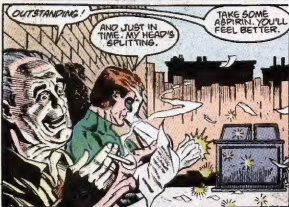
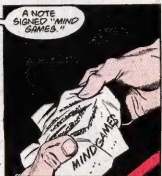
IS TO GIVE THEM A DEMONSTRATION AIMED A BIT CLOSER TO HOME.

BRING THE MARVELS OF MODERN SCIENCE RIGHT INTO THEIR BACK YARDS.

THEY WERE SUPPOSED TO REPLY VIA THE MEDIA TO MY DEMANDS. BUT SO FAR... NOTHING.



I SHOT A RAY INTO THE SKY, AND WHERE IT LANDS...



WILL THE REAL DEVIL PLEASE STAND UP?

CHAPTER II

SO, DEADMAN.
WE MEET AGAIN.
THIS MISERABLE
LITTLE FAKER IS
NOT THE DEVIL.
I'M THE ONE AND
ONLY TRUE LORD
OF THE FLIES.

MIKE
BARON
WRITER
STEVE
HAYNIE
LETTERER

DAN
JURGENS
PENCILLER
LIZ
BERUBÉ
COLORIST

TONY
DEZURIGA
INKER
BARBARA
KESEL
EDITOR

DEADMAN™

OKAY.
IF YOU'RE THE
ONE AND ONLY,
LET'S SEE WHAT
YOU REALLY
LOOK LIKE.





YOU LOOK
LIKE D.B.
COOPER?

I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT D.B. COOPER LOOKS LIKE. HE NEVER GOT TO HELL. I LEARNED OF HIM FROM TELEVISION. THIS IMAGE IS AS I'VE ALWAYS APPEARED, ALLOWING FOR FASHION. DO YOU DOUBT ME?

THIS IS HOW I
APPEARED BEFORE I FELL
...I WAS BELOVED BY GOD
IN THOSE DAYS, BUT THE
ARCHANGEL MICHAEL TURNED
HIM AGAINST ME.

I CONFESS, DURING THE DARK AGES, I ADOPTED A SOMEWHAT MORE BAROQUE APPEARANCE.

BUT BY AND LARGE,
THIS IS THE REAL ME.
I CAN TELL YOU'RE
DISAPPOINTED--PEOPLE
WANT THE PERSONIFICATION
OF EVIL TO LOOK EVIL...
TO ADHERE TO ALL THOSE
RIDICULOUS VISUAL
CONCEPTS.



WELL, I'M SORRY.
TRUE EVIL IS AS
INSUBSTANTIAL AND
UNSATISFYING AS
SMOKE. DID YOU EVER TRY
TO CARRY ON A DECENT
CONVERSATION WITH HITLER?
HE HAD THE ATTENTION
SPAN OF A HAMSTER.

OKAY, SATAN--
WOULD YOU PLEASE
DEMONSTRATE YOUR
POWER BY SEPARATING
BEELZEBUB--OR
WHOEVER HE IS--
FROM MY BOSS, STAN
KRIPTMAN?

WHY? DON'T YOU
THINK STAN SHOULD
SUFFER? WHAT IS MY
PURPOSE OTHER THAN
TO CAUSE THE
SUFFERING OF
INNOCENCE, THEREBY
UNDERMINING BELIEF
IN A WISE AND JUST
SOCIETY?

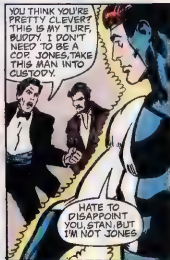
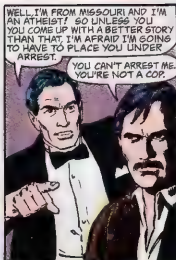
IF YOU THINK STAN
KRIPTMAN IS INNOCENT,
MAYBE YOU OUGHT TO
THINK ABOUT RETIRE-
MENT, PAL. NEVER
MIND ADULTERY, LET'S
TALK DRUGS FOR
GUNS AND MAKING
UNDECLARED WAR IN
CENTRAL AMERICA!

MASTER!
I ONLY SOUGHT
TO DO YOUR
BIDDING!

LIAR!
WERE YOU
NOT A
GOOD LIAR,
I WOULD
NOT EMPLOY
YOU.

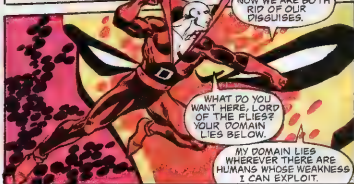
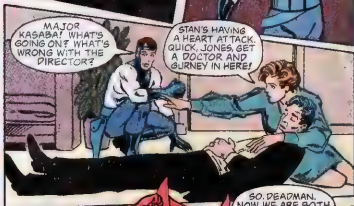
OH, NO!
NOT
AGAIN!

YOU'RE
QUITE RIGHT,
DEADMAN. STAN
IS GUILTY AS
HELL! YAKIN--
OUT OF
KRIPTMAN!

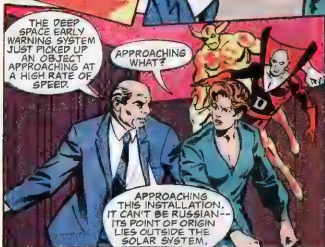


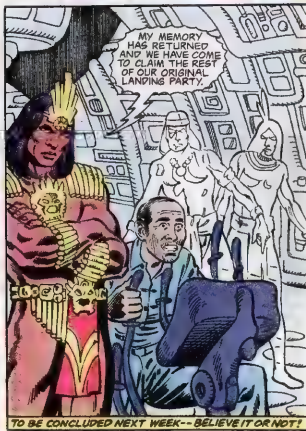
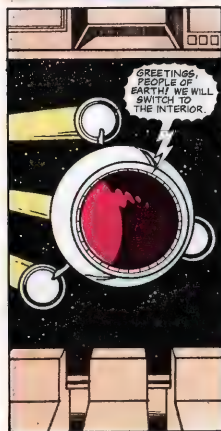
MISERABLE
LITTLE MORTAL!
CRINGE BEFORE MY
AWESOME PRESENCE
WHILE I CONTEMPLATE
A PUNISHMENT FOR
YOUR ARROGANCE!





BUT WAIT--WHO IS THIS WHO CHALLENGES MY HEGEMONY? WHAT USURPER APPROACHES?





THE SECRET SIX!

JULY 1, 9:25 A.M.

CALM DOWN, JACK. I CAN'T UNDERSTAND YOU.

SURE, WE CAN MEET... TONIGHT? FORGET IT, I'M SWAMPED.

HOW ABOUT TOMORROW, AT THE REMARQUE-- AT THE DINNER-- THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE--

--THEY'RE GIVING ME THAT "MAN OF THE YEAR" THING...? YOU'LL BE THERE, WON'T YOU?

I'M NOT GONNA DISCUSS THIS IN A PUBLIC PLACE!

DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND? EVERY "MINIPIG" I'VE SHIPPED YOU IN THE LAST YEAR.

FARMER RALPH'S
PORK CURED TOOK OFF THE TASTE YOURS

...IS CONTAMINATED! PEOPLE COULD BE DYING, RALPH!

JACK, THERE WAS NOTHING WRONG THE LAST TIME YOU WARNED ME ABOUT THIS, AND THE INSPECTORS APPROVED 'EM...

IT'S A VIRUS, RALPH. IT'S NOT BACTERIAL--

--THEY WOULDN'T EVEN KNOW HOW TO TEST FOR IT.

I'VE JUST BEEN TOLD IT'S BEEN PRESENT IN EVERY GENERATION DESCENDED FROM THE ORIGINAL BREEDING STOCK!

MITCH-- LOOK HERE, SCREEN'S SHOWING A TRANSMISSION VIA MODEM.

IT'S FROM LUKE-- HE SAYS AUDIO AND VIDEO ARE DOWN-- HE DOESN'T EVEN HAVE A SCREEN TO MONITOR WHAT HE'S TYPING IN NOW!

THAT MEAT PACKER MUST'VE BEEN A TOUGH OLD BIRD-- THE "MOKEY" THEY GLIPPED HIM DIDN'T HOLD HIM

HE CAME TO PREMATURELY-- FIGURED HE GOT CAUGHT UP IN SOME KIND OF INDUSTRIAL ESPIONAGE CAPER...

...WENT AUTO-
AND DISABLED
MOST OF THE
EQUIPMENT.

THEN HE WENT
INTO THE PLANT--AND
BY NOW, HE'S PROBABLY
FOUND OUT VIC IS
IMPERSONATING
HIM.

THERE'S NO
WAY YOU CAN
RESPOND...?

I TOLD JA
WE SHOULD'VE
PUT A CARPHONE
IN THAT TRUCK.

NOT IF
LUKE'S SCREENS
ARE DOWN.

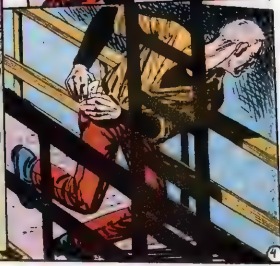
THERE'S
NOTHING WE CAN
DO. VIC AND THE
OTHERS WILL JUST
HAVE TO RELY
ON THEIR
WITS...

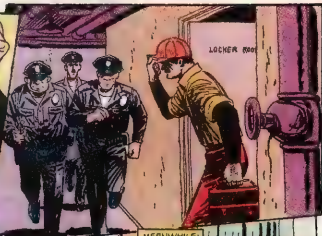
"...IF
THEY DON'T
GET THEMSELVES
KILLED BEFORE
THEY CAN USE
THEM."

BRINGING HOME THE BACON

WRITTEN BY MARTIN FASKO
DRAWN BY DAN SPIEGEL
LETTERED BY CARRIE SPIEGEL
COLORED BY CARL GIFFORD
EDITED BY JACK GIORDANO







MEANWHILE...

WAIT--
WHERE ARE YOU
GETTING THIS INFORMATION
--TRAEGER?...I SEE...ANY
DOCUMENTATION...?

THEN IT'S JUST
HEARSAY, AND AS
FAR AS I'M CONCERNED...
THIS CONVERSATION
NEVER HAPPENED

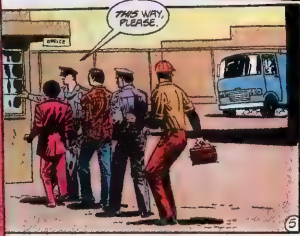
WHAT?
CANCEL MY
ORDERS?

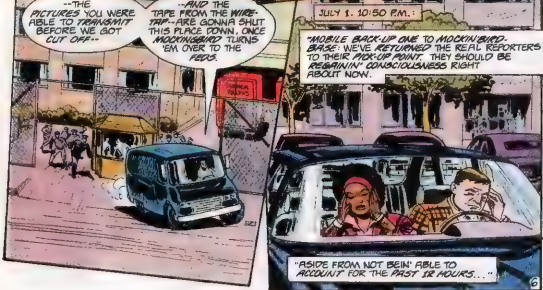
WHAT ARE
YOU AUTO? THE
EXTRA-LEAN PRODUCTS
ACCOUNT FOR 40%
OF OUR SALES!

WE GOT A
CONTRACT, POUND-
STONE! AND SUNNY-
DALE'S GONNA SHIP
EVERY LAST HOG IT
CALL'S FOR, TOO--

--OR I'LL
SEE YOU
BLIND!

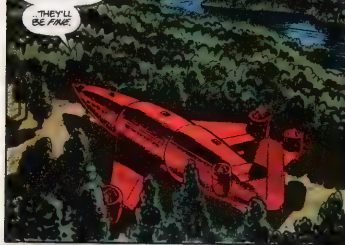
THIS WAY,
PLEASE.





...HAVIN' TO
FACE A REAL
TICKED OFF EDITOR
IN THE MORNIN' WHEN
THEY DON'T HAVE A
STORY... AND FATHER
RALPH'S SUIN'
THE PAPER...

...THEY'LL
BE FINE.



THAT'S JUST
GREAT. TWO INNOCENT
PEOPLE GET THEIR LIVES
TOTALLY SCREWED
UP BECAUSE--

MITCH,
DO YOU MIND?
I'M TRYING TO
WORK
HERE.

I DON'T
LIKE IT ANY MORE
THAN YOU DO, BUT
WHINING ABOUT IT
WON'T CHANGE
ANYTHING.



"YOU COPY,
MARIA?"

RELAX, VIC. THE
HOURS YOU FOLKS PUT
IN FIXING THAT MESS
WEREN'T IN VAIN.

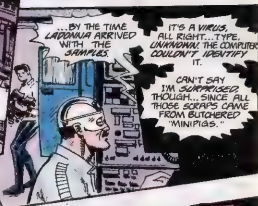


AS FOR WHAT'S
HAPPENED ON THIS
END: MOCKINGBIRD
HAD THE ANALYZING
EQUIPMENT
SET UP...

...BY THE TIME
LADONNIA ARRIVED
WITH THE
SAMPLES.

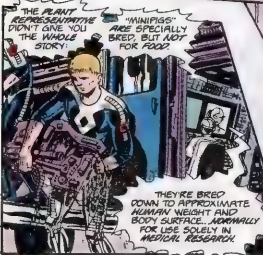
IT'S A VIRUS,
ALL RIGHT...TYPE,
UNKNOWN. THE COMPUTER
COULDN'T IDENTIFY
IT.

CAN'T SAY
I'M SURPRISED
THOUGH... SINCE ALL
THOSE SCRAPS CAME
FROM BUTCHERED
"MINIPIGS."



THE PLANT
REPRESENTATIVE
DIDN'T GIVE YOU
THE WHOLE
STORY!

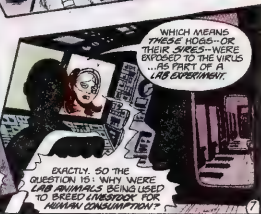
"MINIPIGS"
ARE SPECIALLY
BRED, BUT NOT
FOR FOOD?



THEY'RE BRED
DOWN TO APPROXIMATE
HUMAN WEIGHT AND
BODY SURFACE... NORMALLY
FOR USE SOLELY IN
MEDICAL RESEARCH.

WHICH MEANS
THESE HOGS--OR
THEIR SIBS--WERE
EXPOSED TO THE VIRUS
...AS PART OF A
LAB EXPERIMENT.

EXACTLY. SO THE
QUESTION IS: WHY WERE
LAB ANIMALS BEING USED
TO BREED LIVESTOCK FOR
HUMAN CONSUMPTION?



I THINK ONLY JACK POUNDSTONE AT SUNNYDALE FARMS WOULD KNOW THE ANSWER TO THAT.

"SO TOMORROW... WHILE OPERATIONS AT SUNNYDALE ARE SHUT DOWN FOR THE NIGHT WE'LL DO SOME INVESTIGATING OF OUR OWN."

...BUT SOMEHOW I DOUBT HE'D GIVE IT US.

SUNNYDALE FARMS

CRUNCH

I DON'T THINK THIS IS GONNA TAKE VERY LONG, DO YOU?

"FORTUNATELY, POUNDSTONE WILL BE AT THE HOTEL REMARQUE, FETING RALPH DORN, TOMORROW NIGHT..."

"...AND SO WILL TONY."

OKAY, WE CAN START SERVING THE MAIN COURSE NOW.

MMH. MUH?

HOTEL REMARQUE

ABSOLUTELY, FARMER RALPH'S BRAND, EXTRA LEAN - IN HONOR OF MR. DORN, NATURALLY.

NOW REMEMBER, YOU SERVE THE DAIIS FIRST - STARTING WITH THE GUEST OF HONOR. GOT THAT?

IT'LL BE A PLEASURE.

NEXT: OUT OF THE FRYING PAN... INTO THE FIRE

SUPERMAN™

Created by
JERRY SEIBEL &
JOE SCHWARTZ

...BEYOND

ANNA MUELLER HAS BEEN CLEANING UP AT THE EMILY PLANET FOR YEARS. UNTIL TONIGHT SHE THOUGHT SHE'D HEARD EVERYTHING!

IT IS MY POWER TO SHOW OTHERS THINGS I HAVE SEEN... A POWER I GAINED THROUGH LEARNING THE WAY OF THE ONE, TRUE SUPERMAN!

?!?

WHILE, ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THAT DOOR...

I - I CAN'T BELIEVE THAT WE'RE STILL IN MY OFFICE... THIS LOOKS LIKE SOME OREGON RETREAT!

CALIFORNIA, MR. WHITE. THIS WAS THE COMMUNITY WHERE I LIVED WITH THE OTHERS OF THE FELLOWSHIP!

SU-PER-MAN...
SU-PER-MAN!

BLAZES!
DID YOU HEAR THAT?

SOUND, TOO.
THIS ILLUSION HAS EVERYTHING BUT SUBSTANCE

SU-PER-MAN!
SU-PER-MAN!

THIS WAS THE GRAND RITUAL OF THE FELLOWSHIP. THROUGH MEDITATION AND EVOKING HIS NAME, WE, TOO, BEGAN TO GAIN GREAT POWERS!

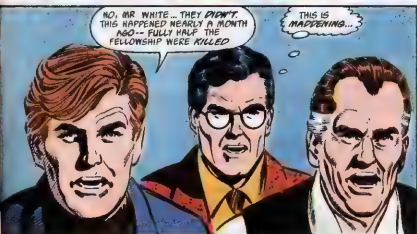
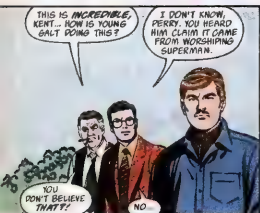
TAKE IT EASY, CHIEF!
WE'RE NOT REALLY 'HERE,'
REMEMBER? THIS ISN'T
REAL

IT'S REAL ENOUGH FOR ME,
KENT! YOU HAVEN'T COVERED
THE WARS I HAVE!

LORD, THOSE
POOR PEOPLE DON'T
HAVE A CHANCE!

MORTAL MEN!

ROGER STERN - SCRIPT
CURT SWAN - PENCILER
JOHN BEATTY - INKER
BILL OAKLEY - LETTERER
TOM ZILKO - COLORIST
MIKE CARLIN - EDITOR



CONTINUED NEXT WEEK!



MOST WOMEN COLLECT
PAYCHECKS. SOME COLLECT
BOY FRIENDS.



A FEW EVEN WRAP A
HUSBAND OR THREE
AROUND THEIR PRETTY
FINGERS.



THIS ONE HAS A
THING FOR JEWELS

MINDY NEWELL
WRITER
CARRIE SPIEGLE
LETTERER

BARRY KITSON
PENCILS
ADRIENNE ROY
COLORIST

BRUCE PATTERSON
INKS
DAN RASPLER
ASST. EDITOR

DENNY O'NEIL-EDITOR

SHE WAS BORN SELINA KYLE (WELL, MAYBE), AND ALONG WITH A PENDANT FOR GRABBING BRASS RINGS AND BLACK ONYX BROOCHES, SHE OWNS "THE TIN ROOF CLUB," BOUGHT IT FROM A GUY WHO NEEDED MONEY--FAST

NOT THAT SHE WAS INTERESTED IN RUNNING A CABARET, BUT THE PRICE WAS A STEAL, AND BEING SELINA, SHE COULDN'T RESIST

TURNED OUT TO BE A PRETTY GOOD INVESTMENT, BECAUSE, ALONG WITH THE USUAL TOURISTS AND SLUMMING SUBURBANITES, THE TIN ROOF CLUB IS HABITUATED BY BOTH M. CITY'S BEST-KNOWN BUSINESSMEN.

BEST KNOWN, THAT IS, FOR SINFUL TRANSGRESSIONS AND HIGHWAY ROBBERIES

AND THEY LIKE SELINA.

"KNOW WHO DID?"

WHO DID WHAT?

TOOK THAT EGYPTIAN BROOCH RIGHT OUTTA THE MUSEUM WITHOUT RAISING ONE ALARM.

SOMEbody GOOD.

GOT ANY IDEAS, SELINA?

GOT A REASON WHY I SHOULD, JACK?

WE ALL GET AMBITIOUS ONCE IN A WHILE

AH, LAY OFF 'ER. YOU'RE JUST MAD SOMEBODY GOT THERE BEFORE YOU.

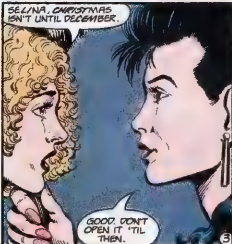
HE'D BETTER BE FAR OUT OF TOWN BY NOW!

OUT-OF-TOWN'ER, HAD TO BE.

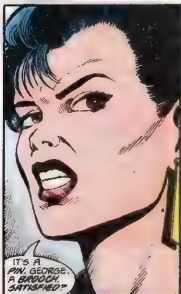
SHUT UP AND DEAL.

THE STATUS QUO REMAINS THE SAME FOR A WEEK, WITH COPS AND ROBBERS TEARING GOTHAM CITY APART LOOKING FOR THE BROOD, WHILE THE EGYPTIAN CONSUL THREATENS LEGAL ACTION.

THEN HOLLY COMES INTO TOWN. SHE USED TO LIVE WITH SELINA DOWN IN THE EAST END. LAST YEAR SHE MARRIED A RICH GUY, AND NOW SHE LIVES IN JERSEY.







FLANNERY IS TOO CLOSE TO THE TRUTH, AND HE'S RIGHT. THIS IS TOO BIG-TIME FOR HIM TO IGNORE.



HE MIGHT JUST GET IT INTO HIS HEAD TO GET A WARRANT TO SEARCH HER OFFICE.

AND IF HE DOES, HE'LL FIND THE COSTUME, KNOWING SELINA'S HISTORY AS HE DOES. FLANNERY'LL BRING HER IN FOR QUESTIONING. OR MAYBE HE'LL GO TO HOLLY'S.



SURE, SHE LIVES OUT OF HIS JURISDICTION, BUT THAT WOULDN'T STOP GEORGE. HE COULD ARRANGE SOMETHING WITH THE LOCALS.



LOOKS LIKE HOLLY'S GETTING HER WISH.

SELINA'S GOING TO JERSEY.



WHAM!

I ALWAYS THOUGHT YOU HAD A NICE BODY, SELINA, BUT THAT AIN'T GONNA HELP YOU.



GUYS, JACK? ISN'T THAT A LITTLE BOURBOIS?



THE MIDDLE CLASS HAS ITS USES.



WHAT'D YOU GIVE YOUR LITTLE FRIEND HOLLY, SELINA?



TRY TO BE NICE TO SOMEONE AND LOOK WHAT HAPPENS.



I DON'T THINK IT'S ANY OF YOUR BUSINESS, JACK.

IT WAS FLANNERY'S BUSINESS, THOUGH, WASN'T IT?



HE'S ALWAYS SNIFFING AROUND HERE. IT'S NOT EXACTLY A SECRET THIS PLACE IS POPULAR WITH YOUR CROWD-

AND WITH THAT BROOCH MISSING-

YOU GOT A CHOICE. DEAL WITH ME, OR DEAL WITH A BULLET.

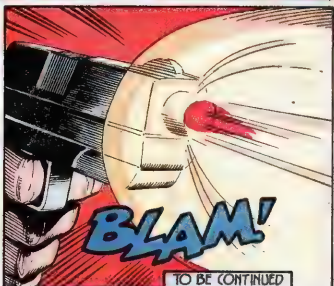


REALLY, JACK, I'VE GOT A FULL HOUSE OUT THERE. DON'T YOU THINK IT WOULD HAVE BEEN SMARTER TO USE SOMETHING-

-QUIETER?!!



BLAM



ACTION COMICS WEEKLY

DC Comics Inc.
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Two weeks ago, we offered you the first in our two-part look at letters of the past, as written by the soon to become famous. This week, we conclude our nostalgic trip down memory lane ... before one of these guys kills us!

In this space next week—at long last—your letters on ACW 601!

From SUPERMAN #177, May 1965...

Dear Editor

I must congratulate you on that hilarious filler you have instituted in some of your "SUPERMAN family" magazines—"Super-Turtle." Henry Boltinoff is doing an excellent job. Every time I read it, I crack up. It is the perfect parody of a super-hero. I hope you never drop this strip.

Mike Friedrich
Castro Valley, CA

We feel that Henry Boltinoff—who also draws cartoons for many of the nation's leading magazines—is doing a fine job, too. We intend to keep his shell-back creation around—and we hope you'll keep "shelling out" your \$12 for each of our magazines.

From BATMAN #204, August 1968...

Dear Editor:

During the summer of '67, Mike Friedrich was our roommate. He had come to New York to try his hand at writing BATMAN stories after a long career as major critic and letter writer.

Each time he set out for the offices of DC, script in hand, it was a toss-up as to whether he would come home cheerful or depressed. It depended, of course, on whether his story ideas were accepted or not. Quite often he would leave our pad "full of beans" only to come back "shot down" (in his own words).

After being a BATMAN reader since the '40s it was a special treat to watch a budding writer at work (although it did cost a few n-ghts' sleep).

I am delighted to have finally seen Mike's efforts rewarded so beautifully by putting his great story in the important issue #200.

The cover idea was sensational! A cover which will be long remembered.

Three cheers to DC for giving the younger generation a chance to bring their talents into the comic magazine field!!! Certainly, a fan's loyalty can have no finer reward.

Shel Dorf
New York, NY

From FLASH #226, March/April 1974
(written to Editor Julius Schwartz)...

Dear Julie.

Since my departure from these pages two years ago, I have noticed the steady decline of the written insult as art form. In fact, no new token brickbat-slinger of the dubious reputation of Pesky Pasko has come along in my stead. Perhaps it's just as well.

Sitting in from time to time on these pages as an editorially assisting DC Writer-Apprentice, I am continually amazed at the many incisive, perceptive, and cogent comments and critiques that cross the desk of an editor and am confident that, with material like this, I'll be able to carry on the tradition of some of comics' most interesting letters pages in the "JS" tradition. But sitting on the other side of the desk is a strange experience, nonetheless.

Marty Pasko

From JUSTICE LEAGUE OF AMERICA #54, June 1967...

Dear Editor:

I'd like to present my conception of the Justice League's headquarters and operations:

In the mountains outside Harbor City, exact spot unknown, is a giant metallic door which safeguards the entrance to the secret sanctuary of an evil-fighting organization. It is in a remote section of these mountains where it is extremely rugged. There are no roads leading to it, although there is a body of water quite near. A long telephone line leads into the mountains but it is untraceable. If someone were to discover the location, it would be by chance and he would never find it again. The door entrance is unmovable, except to the members who have in their possession a signaller device to make the door accessible.

Once inside, a short hallway leading to a mammoth cavern is uncovered. As one walks through, an electric eye beam scans the person. If he is not wearing the signaller device, an emergency alarm signal is tripped off while doors seal the passageway until someone arrives to take the situation in hand.

There is a single elevator connecting the three floors of the sanctuary. It is merely a platform which, when idle, camouflages as part of the floor. It is also operated by the signaller.

On the top floor of this unique headquarters is the laboratory, where members can experiment in the fields of

chemistry, physics, and electronics; and the hangar, where the members can either land or park their vehicles. The middle floor is the surface floor where the huge meeting room is; and also the gigantic library, which is a storehouse of knowledge of this and other worlds. The bottom floor is the communications department and souvenir room, where mementoes of cases and affairs are kept.

This cave is the fabulous headquarters of the most powerful enforcement organization the world has ever known—the Justice League of America. The Justice League of America has no boundaries to where it prevents evil. Members may be sent from the Galapagos Islands to the Kalahari Desert to the vast reaches of outer space.

Ten members compose the total organization. There were originally seven, but due to outstanding services in the course of events, three others were admitted. The Justice League operates on a rotating chairmanship basis.

Unless an emergency summons them together, there is a regularly scheduled meeting where all members discuss happenings and go out on missions. When a member cannot make a meeting, a message must be sent to headquarters stating the reason why.

All mail to the Justice League of America is addressed to Washington, DC, where a member picks it up before attending a meeting.

The range of problems tackled by the Justice League of America is broad. It may be destroying a threatening menace or capturing a clever criminal or spy. The Justice League of America doesn't interfere with police in routine cases, such as petty robberies or catching small-time crooks. It doesn't interfere with the FBI on things of federal concern, either. Its prime concern are affairs police forces or federal agencies cannot handle, usually of international or even interplanetary concern.

Mark Gruenwald
Oshkosh, WI

From FLASH #150, February 1965...

Dear Editor

I've noticed several of the letters published in Flash-Grams lately have been of a statistical nature. These analyses have provided the reader with such priceless facts as the amount of

different types of letters published, the number of appearances by Flash's foes, to name a few. Being a loyal follower of THE FLASH, I thought I'd offer a few invaluable observations of my own, concerning the past year's issues of THE FLASH (November 1963 to September 1964).

First of all, did you know that 12½% of all issues of THE FLASH are dated September? And that Flash's name has only appeared in 25% of this year's titles? And that's not all! There were twelve regular-length stories as opposed to two book-length novels. In ⅓ of the covers, purple was the predominate color; ¼ were mostly green; ⅕ were also blue; ⅕ featured orange. Approximately 37½% of this year's covers featured Flash using super-speed; 37½% showed Flash in a villain's trap; 25% had Flash pursuing a criminal.

Here are some "interesting" and "important" sidelights: there were 8½ pages of letters published in Flash-Grams; 51½ pages of advertising; and 190 pages of the adventures of THE FLASH.

I hope some of the fanatical FLASH fans who wrote the previous letters mentioned will benefit from the facts I provided them.

Cary Bates
Dayton, OH

Were your statistics tongue in cheek or tongue extended?

From INFERIOR FIVE #6, January/February 1968...

Well, fans, it's poetry day again. And our favorite poet, Mark Evanier of Los Angeles, has sent us his latest epic, dedicated to THE INFERIOR FIVE, to be set to music as soon as he can find a tone-deaf composer. So, tighten your straitjackets and read on...

THE INFERIOR FIVE

In nineteen hundred and sixty-six
DC got into quite a fix,
Their popularity took a dive,
When debuted the Inferior Five.
E. Nelson, on a dark Tuesday,
Sat down and pounded out the script.
But when Miller gave him his pay,
They both felt they'd been gypped.
Sekowsky drew the artwork chores,
The deuce of clubs he'd picked,
And so, they bolted all his doors,
To prove Big Mike was licked.
The leader, Merryman the meek,
At once began to scoff,
At starting, he was very weak,
His strength then tapered off.
Awkwardman's the sturdy one,
Just like a fallen pine,
Have you ever seen anyone
Trip over a chalk line?
The Blimp is not only quite dim,
But when he's on the ground,
His fans cannot look up to him,
Can't even look around.
The next member, the Dumb Bunny,
At school could hardly make it,
But if they ever put a price on
Her head, she should take it.

To see White Feather cowering,
Is a natural sight,
He turns his electric blanket up
To have a wild night.
But DC was quite crafty,
To start the I.F. movement,
From now on, anything they sell,
Just has to be an improvement.

Where Are They Now Department:
Mike Friedrich went into the writing, editing and administrative side of comics, only to wind up the first agent to devote full-time to representing comics creators... *Shel Dorf* has become a leading editor (for Blackthorne) and letterer of the sadly departed *Steve Canyon* comic strip...

Obviously, *Marty Pasko* went on to a career in comics writing; after a lengthy sojourn writing movies and television (which he continues to this day), Marty has returned to comics, writing *The Secret Six* and *Blackhawk* in this-here weekly... the talented and scholarly *Mark Gruenwald* also has gone on to quite a career as a comics writer; he's also an editorial honcho at *Movel Comics*... Similarly, *Cary Bates* is at the typewriter, writing *CAPTAIN ATOM*, the recently completed *SILVERBLADE* and the ongoing *NEW GUARDIANS*...

And *Mark Evanier* is still doing whatever he was doing two weeks ago, when we tried to embarrass him with his less poetic ditty. Obviously, Mark knows no shame, but at least he's polite. Aren't you, Mark? Mark? Mark!!!



NEXT WEEK, A Secret Six cover by Paul Gulacy and the continuing tribulations of Green Lantern, Superman, Deadman, Black Canary, Catwoman and the aforementioned Secret Six. Also, the results of our first readers' poll!

See you in seven!

—Mike Gold



★★★★★ VOTE ★★★★★

Just as soon as you've finished this issue of ACTION COMICS WEEKLY, write us a letter or a postcard and rank this issue's stories in order of preference: the one you like the most first, the one you liked next second and so on. Each week, we'll tally the vote and print the results right here in our letter column. Your opinion counts, so vote!

Send your ballots to:

Action Comics Weekly
Department 611
DC Comics Inc.
666 Fifth Avenue
New York, NY 10103

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SWEET
SAVIOR...>

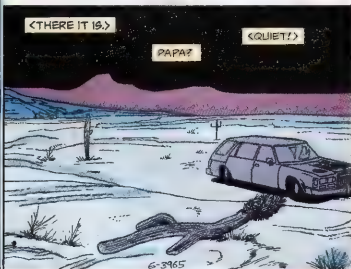
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LITTLE ONES
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BLACK CANARY™

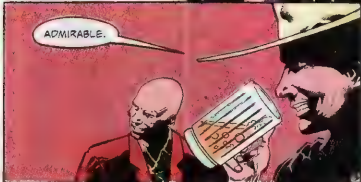
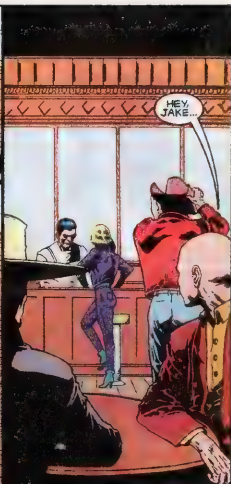
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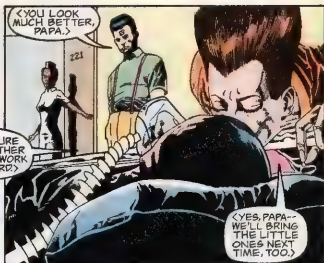
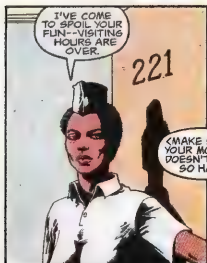
PART 3

SHARON WRIGHT	RANDY DUBURKE	PABLO MARCOS
WRITER	PENCILLER	INKER
STEVE HAYNIE	GENE D'ANGELO	MIKE GOLD
LETTERER	COLORIST	EDITOR













NOW, UNLESS
YOU WANT A
SLUG IN YOUR
SNAKE--

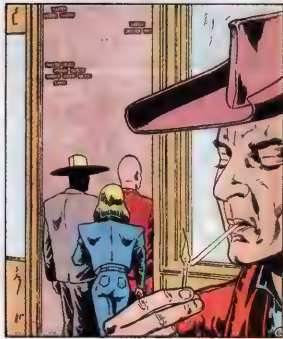
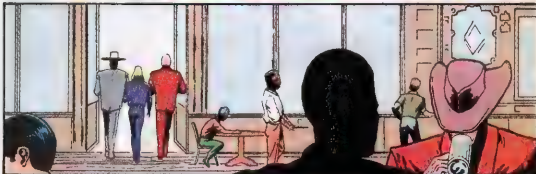
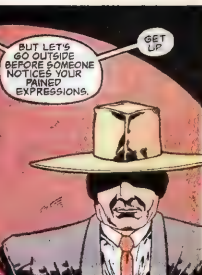
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THAT NEITHER
OF YOU DO
ANYTHING
REMOTELY
HUMOROUS.



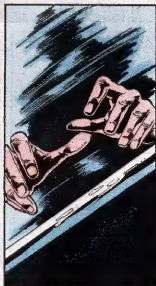
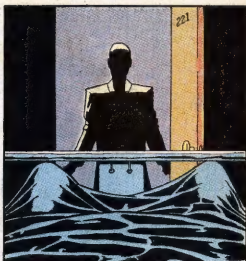
I WANT SOME
INFORMATION.

BUT LET'S
GO OUTSIDE
BEFORE SOMEONE
NOTICES YOUR
PAINED
EXPRESSIONS.

GET
UP







SWEET DREAMS.

**CONTINUED
NEXT
WEEK!**

SUPERMAN™

Created by
JOEY SHOOTER &
JOHN GARDNER

...BEYOND

MORTAL MEN!

ROGER STERN - SCRIPT
CURT SWAN - PENCILER
JOHN BEATTY - INKER
BILL CHALEY - LETTERER
TOM ZIUKO - COLORIST
MIKE CARLIN - EDITOR



CONTINUED NEXT WEEK!

SUPERMAN

Created by JERRY SEIBEL & JOEL SHUSTER

BEYOND

MORTAL MEN!

ROGER STERN - SCRIPT
CURT SWAN - PENCILER
JOHN BEATTY - INKER
BILL OAKLEY - LETTERER
TOM ZILKO - COLORIST
MIKE CARLIN - EDITOR

ANNA MUELLER HAS BEEN CLEANING UP AT THE DAILY PLANET FOR YEARS. UNTIL TONIGHT SHE THOUGHT SHE'D HEARD EVERYTHING!

IT IS MY POWER TO SHOW OTHERS THINGS I HAVE SEEN... A POWER I GAINED THROUGH LEARNING THE WAY OF THE ONE, TRUE SUPERMAN!

?!?

SU-PER-MAN... SU-PER-MAN!

BLAZES! DID YOU HEAR THAT?

SOUND, TOO. THIS ILLUSION HAS EVERYTHING BUT SUBSTANCE.

TAKE IT EASY, CHIEF! WE'RE NOT REALLY "HERE," REMEMBER? THIS ISN'T REAL.

IT'S REAL ENOUGH FOR ME, KENT! YOU HAVEN'T COVERED THE WARS I HAVE!

LORD, THOSE POOR PEOPLE DON'T HAVE A CHANCE!

WHILE, ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THAT DOOR...

I-I CAN'T BELIEVE THAT WE'RE STILL IN MY OFFICE... THIS LOOKS LIKE SOME OREGON RETREAT!

CALIFORNIA, MR. WHITE. THIS WAS THE COMMUNITY WHERE I LIVED WITH THE OTHERS OF THE FELLOWSHIP!

SU-PER-MAN! SU-PER-MAN!

THIS WAS THE GRAND RITUAL OF THE FELLOWSHIP. THROUGH MEDITATION AND EVOKING HIS NAME, WE, TOO, BEGAN TO GAIN GREAT POWERS!

THIS IS INCREDIBLE, KENT... HOW IS YOUNG GALT DOING THIS?

I DON'T KNOW, PERRY. YOU HEARD HIM CLAIM IT CAME FROM WORSHIPING SUPERMAN.

YOU DON'T BELIEVE THAT?

NO...

BUT IN TIME, THE FELLOWSHIP CAME TO THE ATTENTION OF TOO MANY NON-BELIEVERS... TOO LATE WE FOUND OUT THAT WE HAD DEADLY ENEMIES!

GOOD LORD!

LOOK OUT! INCOMING!

NO, MR. WHITE... THEY DIDN'T. THIS HAPPENED NEARLY A MONTH AGO-- FULLY HALF THE FELLOWSHIP WERE KILLED.

THIS IS MADDENING...

...PEOPLE ARE DYING ALL AROUND ME AND I CAN'T DO A THING TO SAVE THEM! WHO WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS CARNAGE? WHO?!

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK!